ROLLING STONE

60¢
UK 15 p
Issue No. 101
February 3, 1972

Jerry Garcia – Part II

Belfast: An IRA Operative Speaks

Annual Awards

Flying? Airport Vigilantes Are Watching You

Annie Leibovitz

FEAR & LOATHING IN WASHINGTON

BY HUNTER S. THOMPSON

The Million Pound Shithammer

"There are issues enough. What is gone is the popular passion for them. Possibly, hope is gone. The failure of hope would be a terrible event; the blacks have never been cynical about America. But conversation you hear among the young now, on the South Side of Chicago, up in Harlem or in Bedford-Stuyvesant, certainly suggests the birth of a new cynicism. In the light of what government is doing, you might well expect young blacks to lose hope in the power elites, but this is something different — a cold personal indifference, a separation of man from man. What you hear and see is not rage, but injury, a withering of expectations."

D.J.R. Bruckner, 1/6/72 in the L.A. Times

Bruckner's article was focused on the mood of Young Blacks, but unless you were reading very closely, the distinction was easy to miss. Because the mood among Young Whites is not much different — despite a lot of well-financed publicity about the potentially massive "youth vote."

These are the 25 million or so new voters between 18 and 25 — going, maybe, to the polls for the first time — who supposedly hold the fate of the nation in the palms of their eager young hands. According to the people who claim to speak for it, this "youth vote" has the power to zap Nixon out of office with a flick of its wrist. Hubert Humphrey lost in '68 by 499,704 votes — a miniscule percentage of what the so-called "youth vote" could turn out in 1972.

But there are not many people in Washington who take this notion of the "youth vote" very seriously. Not even the candidates. The thinking here is that the young people who vote for the first time in '72 will split more or less along the same old lines as their parents, and that the addition of 25 million new (potential) voters means just another sudden mass that will have to be absorbed into the same old patterns . . . just another big wave of new immigrants who don't know the score yet, but who will learn it soon enough, so why worry?

Why indeed? The scumbags behind this thinking are probably right, once again — but it might be worth pondering, this time, if perhaps they might be right for the wrong reasons. Almost all the politicians and press wizards who denigrate the "so-called youth vote" as a factor in the '72 elections have justified their thinking with a sort of melancholy judgment on "the kids" themselves.

"How many will even register?" they ask. "And even then — even assuming a third of the *possibles* might register, how many of those will actually get out and vote?"

The implication, every time, is that the "youth vote" menace is just a noisy paper tiger. Sure, *some* of these kids will vote, they say, but the way things look now, it won't be more than ten percent. That's the colleges; the other ninety percent are either military types, on the dole, or working people — on salary, just married, hired into their first jobs. Man, these people are already *locked down,* the same as their parents.

That's the argument . . . and it's probably safe to say, right now, that there is not a single presidential candidate, media guru or backstairs politics wizard in Washington who honestly believes the "youth vote" will have more than a marginal, splinter-vote effect on the final outcome of the 1972 presidential campaign.

These kids are turned off from politics, they say. Most of 'em don't want to hear about it. All they want to do these days is lie around on waterbeds and smoke that goddamn marrywanna . . . yeah, and just between you and me, Fred, I think it's probably all for the best.

Among the half-dozen high-powered organizations in Washington who claim to speak for the "youth vote," the only one with any real muscle at this point is the National Association of Student Governments, which recently — after putting together an "Emergency Conference for New Voters" in Chicago last month — brought its leadership back to DC and called a press conference in the Old Senate office building to announce the formation of a "National Youth Caucus."

The idea, said 26-year-old Duane Draper — the main organizer — was to get student-type activists into power on the local level in every state where they might be able to influence the drift of the '72 election. The press conference was well attended. Edward P. Morgan of PBS was there, dressed in a snappy London Fog raincoat and twirling a black umbrella; the New York Times sent a woman, the Washington Post was represented by a human pencil, and the rest of the national press sent the same people they send to everything else that happens, officially, in this doomed sinkhole of a city.

As always, the "print people" stood or sat in a timid half circle behind the network TV cameras — while Draper and his mentor, Senator Fred Harris of Oklahoma, sat together at the front table and explained that the success of the Chicago rally had got the "youth vote" off to a running start. Harris didn't say much; he just sat there looking like Johnny Cash while Draper, a former student body president at the University of Oklahoma, explained to the jaded press that the "youth vote" would be an important and perhaps decisive factor in this year's election.

I came in about ten minutes late, and when question time came around I asked the same one I'd asked Allard Lowenstein at a similar press conference in Chicago: Would the Youth Caucus support Hubert Humphrey if he won the Democratic nomination?

Lowenstein had refused to answer that question in Chicago, saying, "We'll cross that bridge if we come to it." But in Washington Draper said "Yes," the Youth Vote could get behind Hubert if he said the right things — "if he takes the right positions."

"How about Jackson?" I asked.

This made for a pause . . . but finally Draper said the National Youth Caucus might support Jackson, too, "if he comes around."

"Around to what?" I asked. And by this time I was feeling very naked and conspicuous. My garb and general demeanor is not considered normal by Washington standards. Levis don't make it in this town; if you show up wearing Levis they figure you'll either be a servant or a messenger. This is particularly true at high-level press conferences, where any deviation from standard journalistic dress is considered rude and perhaps even dangerous.

In Washington all journalists dress like bank tellers — and those who don't have problems. Mister Nixon's press handlers, for instance, have made it ominously clear that I shall *not* be given White House press credentials. The first time I called, they said they'd never heard of ROLLING STONE. "Rolling what?" said the woman.

"You'd better ask somebody a little younger," I said.

"Thank you," she hissed. "I'll do that." But the next obstacle up the line was the deputy White House press secretary, a faceless voice called Gerald Warren, who said Rolling Whatever didn't *need* White House press credentials — despite the fact they had been issued in the past, without any hassle, to all manner of strange and obscure publications, including student papers like the George Washington University Hatchet.

The only people who seem genuinely interested in the '72 elections are the actual participants — the various candidates, their paid staff people, the thousands of journalists, cameramen & other media-connected hustlers who will spend most of this year humping the campaign along . . . and of course all the *sponsors,* called "fat cats" in the language of Now-Politics, who stand to gain hugely for at least the next four years if they can muscle their man down the homestretch just a hair ahead of the others.

The fat-cat action is still one of the most dramatic aspects of a presidential campaign, but even in this colorful area the tension is leaking away — primarily because most of the really serious fat cats figured out, a few years back, that they could beat the whole rap — along with the onus of going down the tube with some desperate loser — by "helping" two candidates, instead of just one.

A good example of this, in 1972, will probably be Mrs. Rella Factor — widow of "Jake the Barber" and the largest single contributor to Hubert Humphrey's campaign in '68. She didn't get a hell of a lot of return for her investment last time around. But this year, using the new method, she can buy the total friendship of two, three or perhaps even four presidential candidates, for the same price . . . by splitting up the nut, discreetly as possibly, between Hubert, Nixon, and maybe—just for the natural randy hell of it—a chunk to Gene McCarthy, who appears to be cranking up a genuinely weird campaign this time.

* * *

I have a peculiar affection for McCarthy; nothing serious or personal, but I recall standing next to him in the snow outside the "exit" door of a shoe factory in Manchester, New Hampshire, in February of 1968 when the five o'clock whistle blew and he had to stand there in the midst of those workers rushing out to the parking lot. I will never forget the pain in McCarthy's face as he stood there with his hand out, saying over and over again: "Shake hands with Senator McCarthy . . . shake hands with Senator McCarthy . . . shake hands with Senator McCarthy" . . . a tense plastic smile on his face, stepping nervously toward anything friendly, "Shake hands with Senator McCarthy" . . . but most of the crowd ignored him, refusing to even acknowledge his outstretched hand, staring straight ahead as they hurried out to their cars.

There was at least one network TV camera on hand that afternoon, but the scene was never aired. It was painful enough, just being there, but to have put that scene on national TV would have been an act of genuine cruelty. McCarthy was obviously suffering; not so much because nine out of ten people refused to shake his hand, but because he really hated being there in the first place. But his managers had told him it was necessary, and maybe it was . . .

Later, when his outlandish success in New Hampshire shocked Johnson into retirement, I half-expected McCarthy to quit the race himself, rather than suffer all the way to Chicago . . . and God only knows what kind of vengeful energy is driving him this time, but a lot of the people who said he was suffering from brain bubbles when he first mentioned that he might run again in '72 are beginning to take him seriously: not as a Democratic contender, but as an increasingly possible Fourth Party candidate with the power to put a candidate like Muskie through all kinds of terrible changes between August and November.

To Democratic chairman Larry O'Brien, the specter of a McCarthy candidacy in '72 must be something like hearing the Hound of the Baskervilles sniffing and pissing around on your porch every night. A left-bent Fourth Party candidate with a few serious grudges on his mind could easily take enough left/radical votes away from either Muskie or Humphrey to make the Democratic nomination all but worthless to either one of them.

Nobody seems to know what McCarthy has in mind, but the possibilities are ominous, and anybody who thought he was kidding got snapped around fast last week when McCarthy launched a brutish attack on Muskie within hours after the Maine Senator made his candidacy official.

The front page of the Washington Post carried photos of both men, along with a prominent headline and McCarthy's harsh warning that he was going to hold Muskie "accountable" for his

—*Continued on Next Page*

—*Continued from Preceding Page*

hawkish stance on the war in Vietnam prior to 1968. McCarthy also accused Muskie of being "the most active representative of Johnson administration policy at the 1968 convention."

Muskie seemed genuinely shaken by this attack. He immediately called a press conference to admit that he'd been wrong about Vietnam in the past, but that now "I've had reason to change my mind." His new position was an awkward thing to explain, but after admitting his "past mistakes" he said that he now favored "as close to an immediate withdrawal from Vietnam as possible."

McCarthy merely shrugged. He had done his gig for the day, and Muskie was jolted. The Senator focused all his efforts on the question of his altered Vietnam stance, but he was probably far more disturbed by McCarthy's ugly revenge-tainted reference to Muskie's role in the '68 Democratic convention. This was obviously the main bone in McCarthy's throat, but Muskie ignored it and nobody asked Gene what he really meant by the charge . . . probably because there is no way to understand what happened to McCarthy in Chicago unless you were there and saw it yourself.

I have never read anything that comes anywhere close to explaining the shock and intensity I felt at that convention . . . and although I was right in the middle of it the whole time, I have never been able to write about it myself. For two weeks afterward, back in Colorado, I couldn't even talk about it without starting to cry — for reasons I think I finally understand now, but I still can't explain.

Because of this: because I went there as a journalist, with no real emotional attachment to any of the candidates and only the barest of illusions about the outcome . . . I was not personally involved in the thing, so there is no point in presuming to understand what kind of hellish effect Chicago must have had on Gene McCarthy.

I remember seeing him cross Michigan Avenue on Thursady night — several hours after Humphrey had made his acceptance speech out at the Stockyards — and then wandering into the crowd in Grant Park like a defeated general trying to mingle with his troops just after the Surrender. But McCarthy couldn't mingle. He could barely talk. He acted like a man in deep shock. There was not much to say. The campaign was over.

McCarthy's gig was finished. He had knocked off the President and then strung himself out on a fantastic six-month campaign that had seen the murder of Martin Luther King, the murder of Bobby Kennedy and finally a bloody assault on his own campaign workers by Mayor Daley's police, who burst into McCarthy's private convention headquarters at the Chicago Hilton and began breaking heads. At dawn on Friday morning, his campaign manager, a seasoned old pro named Blair Clark, was still pacing up and down Michigan Avenue in front of the Hilton in a state so close to hysteria that his friends were afraid to talk to him because every time he tried to say something his eyes would fill with tears and he would have to start pacing again.

Perhaps McCarthy has placed that whole scene in its proper historical and poetic perspective, but if he has I didn't read it . . . or maybe he's been hanging onto the manuscript until he can find a right ending. McCarthy has a sharp sense of drama, along with his now kinky instinct for timing. But nobody appears to have noticed, until now, that he might also have a bull-sized taste for revenge.

* * *

Maybe not. In terms of classic journalism, this kind of wandering, unfounded speculation will have a nasty effect on that asshole from Ireland who sent word across The Waters to nail me for bad language and lack of objectivity. There have been numerous complaints, in fact, about the publisher allowing me to get away with calling our new Supreme Court Justice William Rehnquist a "swine."

Well . . . shit, what can I say? Objective Journalism is a hard thing to come by, these days. We all yearn for it, but who can point the way? The only man who comes to mind, right offhand, is my good friend and colleague on the Sports Desk, Raoul Duke. Most journalists only *talk* about objectivity, but Dr. Duke grabs it straight by the fucking throat. You will be hard pressed to find any argument, among professionals, on the question of Dr. Duke's Objectivity.

As for mine . . . well, my doctor says it swole up and busted about ten years ago. The only thing I ever saw that came close to Objective Journalism was the closed-circuit TV that watched shoplifters in the General Store at Woody Creek, Colorado. I always admired that machine, but I noticed that nobody paid much attention to it until one of those known, heavy, out-front shoplifters came into the place . . . but when that happened, everybody got so excited that the thief had to do something quick, like buy a green popsicle or a can of Coors and get out of the place immediately.

So much for objective journalism. Don't bother to look for it here — not under any byline of mine; or anyone else I can think of. With the possible exception of things like box scores, race results and stock market tabulations, there is no such thing as Objective Journalism. The phrase itself is a gross contradiction in terms.

* * *

And so much for all that, too. There was at least one more thing I wanted to get into here, before trying to wind this down and get into something human. Like sleep, or that 550 watt Humm Box they have up there in the Ree-Lax Parlor at Silver Spring. Some people say they should outlaw the Humm Box, but I disagree.

Meanwhile, all that venomous speculation about what McCarthy is up to these days left a crucial question hanging: The odd truth that almost everybody in Washington who is paid to analyze & predict the behavior of Vote Blocs seems to feel that the much-publicized "Youth Vote" will not be a Major Factor in the '72 presidential campaign would be a hell of a lot easier to accept if it weren't for the actual figures.

FEAR & LOATHING IN WASHINGTON

Elihu Blotnick/BBM

What the experts appear to be saying is that the sudden addition of 25 million new voters between the ages of 18 and 25 will not make much difference in the power-structure of American politics. No *candidate* will say this, of course. For the record, they are all very solicitous of the "youth vote." In a close election even ten percent of that bloc would mean 2.5 million votes — a very serious figure when you stack it up against Nixon's thin margin over Humphrey in 1968.

Think of it: Only *ten percent!* Two and a half million. Enough — even according to Nixon's own wizards — to swing almost *any* election. It is a general assumption, in the terms of contemporary presidential elections, that it would take something genuinely vile and terrifying to cause either one of the major party candidates to come away with less than 40 percent of the vote. Goldwater managed to do this in '64, but not by much. Even after allowing Johnson's TV sappers to cast him as a stupid, bloodthirsty ghoul who had every intention of blowing the whole world off its axis the moment he got his hands on "the button," Goldwater still got 27,178,188 votes, or 38.5 percent.

The prevailing wisdom today is that *any* candidate in a standard-brand, two-party election will get about 40 percent of the vote. The basic assumption here is that neither party would nominate a man more than 20 percent different from the type of person most Americans consider basically right and acceptable. Which almost always happens. There is no potentially serious candidate in either major party this year who couldn't pass for the executive vice-president for mortgage loans in any hometown bank from Bangor to San Diego.

We are talking about a purely physical/image gig here, but even if you let the buggers jabber like magpies about anything that comes to their minds, not even a dangerous dingbat like Sam Yorty would be likely to alienate more than 45 percent or 50 percent of the electorate.

And even that far-left radical bastard, George McGovern — babbling a maddening litany of his most Far Out ideas — would be hard pressed to crank up any more than a 30 percent animosity quotient.

On balance, they are a pretty bland lot. Even Spiro Agnew — if you catch him between screeds — is not more than 20 percent different from Humphrey or Lindsay or Scoop Jackson. Four years ago, in fact, John Lindsay dug Agnew so much that he seconded his nomination for the vice-presidency. There are a lot of people who say we should forget about that this year "because John has already said he made a mistake about Agnew," but there are a lot of others who take Lindsay's "Agnew Mistake" very seriously — because they assume he would do the same thing again next week or next month, if he thought it would do him any good.

Nobody seems very worried about Lindsay right now; they are waiting to see what kind of action he can generate in Florida, a state full of transient and old/transplanted New Yorkers. If he can't make it there, he's done for. Which is just as well. But if he scores big in Florida, we will probably have to start taking him seriously — particularly if Muskie looks convincing in New Hampshire.

A Muskie-Lindsay ticket could be one of those "naturals," a marriage made in heaven and consummated by Larry O'Brien . . . Which gets us back to one of the main reasons why the political wizards aren't counting on much of a "youth vote" this year. It is hard to imagine even a zealot like Allard Lowenstein going out on the trail, once again, to whip up a campus-based firestorm for Muskie and Lindsay . . . particularly with Gene McCarthy lurking around, with that ugly mouth of his, and those deep-bleeding grudges.

* * *

There is probably a lot of interesting talk going down around Humphrey headquarters these days: "Say . . . ah, Hube, baby. I guess you heard what your old buddy Gene did to Muskie the other day, right? Yeah, and we always thought they were *friends*, didn't we? [long pause, no reply from the candidate . . .]

"So . . . ah . . . Hube? You still with me? Jesus Christ! Where's that goddamn sunlamp? We gotta get more of a tan on you, baby. You look *grey*. [Long pause, no reply from the candidate . . .] "Well, Hube, we might just as well face this thing. We're comin' up fast on what just might be a real nasty little problem for you . . . let's not try to kid ourselves, Hube, he's really *mean* sonofabitch. [Long pause, etc . . .] You're gonna have to be *ready*, Hube. You announce next Thursday at noon, right? So we might as well figure that crazy fucker is gonna come down on you like a million pound shit-hammer that same afternoon. He'll probably stage a big scene at the Press Club — and we know who's gonna be there, don't we Hube? Yeah, every bastard in the business. Are you ready for that, Hube Baby? Can you handle it? [Long pause, no reply, etc. — heavy breathing] OK, Hube, tell me this: What does the bastard know? What's the worst he can spring on you?"

* * *

What indeed? Was McCarthy just honing up his act on Ed Muskie? Or does he really believe that Muskie — rather than Humphrey — was the main agent of Johnsonian policy at the '68 convention?

Is that possible? Was Muskie the man behind all that treachery and bloodletting? Is McCarthy prepared to blow the whole lid off? Whose head does he really want? And how far will he go to

—*Continued on Next Page*

FEAR & LOATHING IN WASHINGTON

—*Continued from Preceding Page*

get it? Does the man have a price?

This may be the only interesting question of the campaign until the big whistle blows in New Hampshire on March 7th. With McCarthy skulling around, Muskie can't afford anything but a thumping win over McGovern in that primary. But Mad Sam is up there too, and even Muskie's local handlers concede Yorty at least 15 percent of the Democratic vote, due to his freakish alliance with the neo-Nazi publisher of New Hampshire's only big newspaper, the Manchester Union-Leader.

The Mayor of Los Angeles has never bothered to explain the twisted reasoning behind his candidacy in New Hampshire, but every vote he gets there will come off Muskie's pile, not McGovern's. Which means that McGovern, already sitting on 20 to 25 percent of the vote, could zap Muskie's whole trip by picking up another 10 to 15 percent in a last-minute rush.

Muskie took a headcount in September and found himself leading with about 40 percent — but he will need at least 50 percent to look good for the fence-sitters in Florida, who will go to the polls a week later . . . and in Florida, Muskie will have to beat back the show-biz charisma of John Lindsay on the Left, more or less, and also deal with Scoop Jackson and George Wallace on the Right.

* * *

Jesus! This gibberish could run on forever and even now I can see myself falling into the old trap that plagues every writer who gets sucked into this rotten business. You find yourself getting fascinated by the rules and strange quirks of the game. Even now, before I've even finished this one article, I can already feel the compulsion to start handicapping politics and primaries like it was all just another fat Sunday of pro football: Pick Pittsburgh by six points in the early game, get Kansas City even with Oakland later on . . . win one, lose one . . . then flip the dial and try to get ahead by conning somebody into taking the Rams even against San Francisco.

After several weeks of this you no longer give a flying fuck who actually wins; the only thing that matters is the point-spread. You find yourself screeching crazily at the screen, pleading for somebody to rip the lungs out of that junkie bastard who just threw an interception and then didn't even *pretend* to tackle the pig who ran it back for six points to beat the spread.

There is something perverse and perverted about dealing with life on this level. But on the other hand, it gets harder to convince yourself, once you start thinking about it, that it could possibly make any real difference to you if the 49ers win or lose . . . although every once in a while you stumble into a situation where you find yourself really *wanting* some team to get stomped all over the field, severely beaten and humiliated . . .

This happened to me on the last Sunday of the regular NFL season when two slobbering drunk sportswriters from the Alexandria Gazette got me thrown out of the press box at the Robert F. Kennedy stadium in Washington. I was there as a special guest of Dave Burgin, sports editor of the Washington Star . . . but when Burgin tried to force a bit of dignity on the scene, they ejected him too.

We were halfway down the ramp to the parking lot before I understood what had happened. "That gin-soaked little Nazi from the Gazette got pissed off when you didn't doff your hat for the national anthem," Burgin explained. "He kept bitching about you to the guy in charge of the pressbox, then he got that asshole who works for him all cranked up and they started talking about having you arrested."

"Jesus creeping shit," I muttered. "Now I know why I got out of sportswriting. Christ, I had no idea what was happening. You should have warned me."

"I was afraid you'd run amok," he said. "We'd have been in bad trouble. All those guys from things like the Norfolk Ledger and the Army-Navy Times. They would have stomped us like rats in a closet."

I couldn't understand it. "Hell, I'd have taken the goddamn hat off, if I thought it was causing trouble. I barely even remember the national anthem. Usually, I don't even stand up."

"I didn't think you were going to," he said. "I didn't want to say anything, but I knew we were doomed."

"But I *did* stand," I said. "I figured, hell, I'm Dave's guest — why not stand and make it easy for him? But I never even thought about my goddamn hat."

Actually, I was happy to get out of that place. The Redskins were losing, which pleased me, and we were thrown out just in time to get back to Burgin's house for the 49er game on TV. If they won this one, they would go against the Redskins next Sunday in the playoffs — and by the end of the third quarter I had worked myself into a genuine hate frenzy; I was howling like a butcher when the 49ers pulled it out in the final moments with a series of desperate maneuvers, and the moment the gun sounded I was on the phone to TWA, securing a seat on the Christmas Nite Special to San Francisco. It was extremely important, I felt, to go out there and do everything possible to make sure the Redskins got the mortal piss beaten out of them.

* * *

Which worked out. Not only did the 49ers stomp the jingo bastards and knock them out of the playoffs, but seat companion for the flight from Dallas to San Francisco was Edward Bennett Williams, the legendary trial lawyer, who is also president of the Washington Redskins.

"Heavy duty for you people tomorrow," I warned him. "Get braced for a serious beating. Nothing personal, you understand. Those poor bastards couldn't have known what they were doing when they croaked a Doctor of Journalism out of the pressbox."

He nodded heavily and called for another drink. "It's a goddamn shame," he muttered. "But what can you really expect? You lie down with pigs and they'll call you a swine every time."

"What? Did you call me a *swine?*"

"Not me," he said. "But this world is full of slander."

We spent the rest of the evening on politics. He is backing Muskie, and as he talked I got the feeling that he felt he was already at a point where, sooner or later, we would all be. "Ed's a good man," he said. "He's honest. I respect the guy." Then he stabbed the padded seat arm between us two or three times with his forefinger. "But the main reason I'm working for him," he said, "is that he's the only guy we have who can beat Nixon." He stabbed the arm again. "If Nixon wins again, we're in real trouble." He picked up his drink, then saw it was empty and put it down again. "That's the real issue this time," he said. "Beating Nixon. It's hard to even guess how much damage those bastards will do if they get in for another four years."

I nodded. The argument was familiar. I had even made it myself, here and there, but I was beginning to sense something very depressing about it. How many more of these goddamn elections are we going to have to write off as lame but "regrettably necessary" hold actions? And how many more of these stinking, double-downer sideshows will we have to go through before we can get ourselves straight enough to put together some kind of national election that will give me and the 40 million I tend to agree with a chance to vote *for* something, instead of always being faced with that old familiar choice between the lesser of two evils?

I have been through three presidential elections, now, but it has been 12 years since I could look at a ballot and see a name I wanted to vote *for*. In 1964, I refused to vote at all, and in '68 I spent half a morning in the county courthouse getting an absentee ballot so I could vote, out of spite, for Dick Gregory.

Now, with another one of these big bogus showdowns looming down on us, I can already pick up the stench of another bummer. I understand, along with a lot of other people, that the big thing, this year, is Beating Nixon. But that was also the big thing, as I recall, 12 years ago in 1960 — and as far as I can tell, we've gone from bad to worse to rotten since then, and the outlook is for more of the same.

Not even James Reston, the swinging Calvinist, claims to see any light at the end of the tunnel in '72. Reston's first big shot of the year dealt mainly with a grim "memo" by former JFK strategist, Fred Dutton, who is now a Washington lawyer.

There are hints of hope in the Reston/Dutton prognosis, but not for the next four years. Here is the rancid nut of it: "The 1972 election probably is fated to be a dated, weakening election, an historical curio, belonging more to the past than to the new national three- or four-party trend of the future."

Reston either ignored or overlooked, for some reason, the probability that Gene McCarthy appears to be gearing up almost exactly the kind of "independent third force in American politics" that both Reston and Dutton see as a wave of the future.

An even grimmer note comes with Reston's offhand dismissal of Ed Muskie, the only man — according to E. B. Williams — who can possibly save us from more years of Nixon. And as if poor Muskie didn't already have enough evil shit on his neck, the eminently reasonable, fine old liberal journal, the Washington Post, called Muskie's official "new beginning/I am now a candidate" speech on national TV a meaningless rehash of old bullshit and stale cliches raked up from old speeches by . . . yes . . . Himself, Richard Milhous Nixon.

In other words, the weight of the evidence filtering down from the high brain-rooms of both the New York Times and the Washington Post seems to say we're all fucked. Muskie is a bonehead who steals his best lines from old Nixon speeches. McGovern is doomed because everybody who knows him has so much respect for the man that they can't bring themselves to degrade the poor bastard by making him run for President . . . John Lindsay is a dunce, Gene McCarthy is crazy, Humphrey is doomed and useless, Jackson should have stayed in bed . . . and, well, that just about wraps up the trip, right?

Not entirely, but I feel The Fear coming on, and the only cure for that is to chew up a fat black wad of blood-opium about the size of a young meatball and then call a cab for a fast run down to that strip of X-film houses on 14th street . . . peel back the brain, let the opium take hold and get locked into serious pornography.

As for politics, I think Art Buchwald said it all last month in his "Fan letter to Nixon."

"I always wanted to get into politics, but I was never light enough to make the team."

Surprising Youth Vote Registration

WASHINGTON — Two new surveys of the newly enfranchised "youth vote" suggest that many more 18-25 year olds will go to the polls in November 1972 than voting experts had previously planned on.

A partial poll of the total 1.6 million college freshmen conducted by the American Council on Education showed that 76.1 percent of the 171,409 freshmen polled said they would vote in the November presidential elections. The 76.1 percent intention to vote figure contrasts sharply with the 33 percent actual voting rate for 18-20 year olds in the four states that permitted pre-21 year old voting before the 26th Amendment to the Constitution was approved last year.

Yet another survey tending to refute previously predicted figures of a low "youth vote" turnout showed that 36 percent of the newly eligible 18 to 20 year olds had *already* registered. Conducted by the Youth Citizenship Fund in 102 cities, the poll showed that of the 3.4 million voters under 21 in 35 states covered by the survey, 1.2 million had already registered. The Fund went on to predict that "at least 60 percent" of the 18 to 20 year olds would be registered by November, adding about seven million new voters to the rolls.

Good News.

SAN FRANCISCO — Frontlash, a youth registration group operating under the wing of the California Federation of Labor, announced that more than 100,000 college students were enrolled in voter registration drives in California campuses last fall. The overwhelming majority of the voters registered Democratic.

David Jessup, western states organizer for the group, noted that many students were inclined to register as independents until the registrar told them that independents can not vote in California primaries. Jessup added that college-town non-students and street people were even more inclined to register Democratic than the college students.

At U.C. Berkeley, party affiliations were reported at:

Democrats —5500
Republicans —400
Independents—450

The highest Republican percentages were tallied at Glendale City College, a community college located in a deeply conservative pocket of Los Angeles County. Of the 1000 new Glendale voters, 50 percent registered as Democrats, 40 percent as Republicans and ten percent independents.

Festival Promoter Revealed as Narc

SEATTLE, Wash. — In a state that has a history of successful rock festivals, last fall's Satsop River Fair and Tin Cup Races was a disappointment. The music was mediocre, the weather wet, and the crowd uncomfortable. One investor lost $60,000, and a counterfeit ticket racket is being investigated. Still, it was a festival, one that few people expected would ever take place.

After three years of Sky River festivals, the state legislature passed a series of laws regarding festivals — sanitation, security, and monetary provisions generally regarded as nearly impossible to meet. Somehow, the Satsop festival materialized — money found, regulations met, permissions granted. The mystery as to how it was done has now been somewhat cleared up: the promoter of the festival, the man who negotiated with the legislature during the passage of the tough state laws, was a paid undercover agent with the state drug control unit.

Gary H. Friedman, 27, of Olympia, Washington, identified himself as a drug agent during the trial of a Tacoma couple in Olympia. He gave crucial testimony leading to their conviction late last month on two counts of possession and delivery of an ounce of PCP to another agent.

Friedman, on the stand, told jurors he was employed by the state for $150 a week between March 2nd and June 30th, 1971, during Satsop's planning stages. One of his tasks as a "special operative," he said, was to engineer the $650 PCP sale by John Hutt and his wife Jacqueline to John Hart, another undercover agent, in the Hutts' van rolling along a highway.

The Hutts first met Friedman during the planning for Sky River IV. Hutt, a local band promoter, was vice-president of the planning group, and Friedman helped promote a series of benefits. Their elaborate plans fell through after a raid on the staff house in Tacoma. Friedman broke away and staged a series of small concerts in the area, while Hutt, with another partner, began planning another festival in Pacific County. It would have taken place the same weekend as Friedman's Satsop festival.

The Pacific Country fest fell through with the Hutts' arrest August 1st, three months after Friedman set up a meeting with the Hutts and Hart in an Olympia hotel for an alleged coke sampling. Hart took some of the substance for testing and found it to be a controlled drug, phencyclinide hydrochloride. Friedman then set up the actual deal and bust.

On the stand, while half a dozen deputy sheriffs stood guard, the star witness said he'd used hard drugs "eight or nine years ago" and that up to two years ago he used and sold marijuana. He said he served 14 months in prison in 1966 after being convicted of violating the Dyer Act (pertaining to the interstate transportation of stolen vehicles). The Seattle Times had revealed, in a story after Satsop, Friedman's lengthy Interpol record for smuggling and black market activities in Europe.

Friedman said he volunteered to be an informer "after I saw little guys on the street getting busted and big pushers going free." He testified that Hutt was constantly dealing dope while they were planning Sky River IV. As an informer, Friedman set up five other dope deals between sellers and agents, according to Ronald Kuest, chief administrator of the Drug Control Unit.

Friedman, a native of Seattle, returned to the area after his prison term and was a computer operator before his involvement with Sky River and the state drug agency. To supplement his retainer as an informer, he sold a line of environmental furniture and waterbeds, he said.